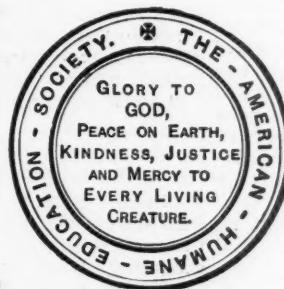


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 34.

Boston, November, 1901.

No. 6.



ON THE CAMPAGNA, ITALY.

OUR THREE MURDERED PRESIDENTS.

The three murderers of our three murdered Presidents were not foreigners but Americans, and with proper humane education and "Bands of Mercy" in

our schools, might have been humane, law-abiding citizens.

KIDNAPPING OF MISS ELLEN M. STONE.

The above act of the brigands in Bulgaria will

undoubtedly attract the attention of all the rascals of the civilized world to this method of obtaining money.

If our National Congress and all our State Legislatures will now pass laws of extreme severity against this crime, men, women, and little children liable to be kidnapped, will be safer than they now are.

DOES IT PAY?

Does it pay, Mr. Angell, to send your paper gratuitously to all the clergy, lawyers and physicians of the State?

It certainly does. Some time since we received a generous sum from a prominent Massachusetts physician.

A few mornings since we received liberal donations from two of our Massachusetts lawyers, and this morning we find in our morning paper that another Massachusetts lawyer, recently deceased, has left us by will five thousand dollars; and through legal advice we have received various sums on condition that we pay to the givers the income during their lives, and in some cases such part of the principal as may, through misfortune or otherwise, be needed.

HOW ARE YOU SUCCEEDING IN GETTING MONEY TO CARRY ON YOUR WORK?

To this question put to us a few days since we answer:

We must of course keep our work within our means. When we get larger means we shall do more work, and would be glad to increase it a hundred-fold.

For instance, we have now on our list over forty-seven thousand "Bands of Mercy." We would add a hundred thousand or two hundred thousand, if we had the means, and every Band would be so much more done for the prevention of crime, the protection of property and life, and to hasten the coming of peace on earth, and good will to both human and dumb creatures.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

DON'T YOU NEED?

Don't you need a building for your two Societies? We do greatly need a building—part to be used for our offices and part rented to increase our income—a building which shall stand through the century or ages as a perpetual monument to those who give it.

THE DANGER OF WILLS.

Out of four wills of friends recently deceased, containing kind remembrances of our humane societies, three are now being contested in our courts, and the fourth may be.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

How long do you expect, Mr. Angell, that The American Humane Education Society will last?

Answer: It was the first of its kind in the world, and I have every reason to believe that it will continue so long as humane education is needed, that is, until the coming of the millennium. It was incorporated by the legislature of Massachusetts, with power to hold a million of dollars. Its directors are elected for life. They have entire control of the organization and no one of them can be removed except by a vote of two-thirds of their own number. When one dies another is elected by them to fill the place. No institution, I think, in this country or the world, stands on a better or surer foundation.

NINE YEARS AGO.

Nine years ago we urged and did our best to accomplish "A Humane Congress of all Nations" at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Our application was made a part of "The Department of Moral and Social Reform," where it was effectually buried among a hundred little questions of comparatively small importance.

The four great questions we wanted discussed by the leading minds of all nations at that great Exposition were:

FIRST.—What can be done to prevent international wars, with their terrible destruction of human and animal life, and the enormous cost of standing armies, navies, fortifications, and material of war?

SECOND.—What can be done to prevent the conflicts now coming up throughout the civilized world between capital and labor, which endanger the security of

governments and the protection of property and life?

THIRD.—What can be done to prevent the pestilences which now, starting from local causes in a single country, sweep over the earth?

FOURTH.—What can be done to humanely educate the peoples of all nations for the prevention of all forms of cruelty, both to the human and the lower races?

Nine years have passed away and brought wars with vast destruction and suffering to human and animal life, and it is a good time now for Christian men and women to discuss in all our churches and educational institutions, and through the press and elsewhere, these four great questions.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

LET ALL OUR CHURCHES PRAY.

The Almighty, for his own wise purposes, has surrounded us in this world with almost innumerable races of what we call the lower animals. They are so connected with us that every wrong inflicted on them injures not only them, but all who inflict, or aid, or encourage it.

The man who shoots, wounds and kills pigeons from traps, or harmless deer, for the fun of wounding and killing them, is more ready than before to kill his fellow men. And so it is with all the barbarous sports practised in our own and other countries. They injure those who aid or encourage them and lead on to wars and crimes of violence.

We are all to a certain extent in one boat—rich and poor—animals and men—and by the immutable decrees of Divine Providence cannot inflict suffering on others without suffering ourselves. If we would prevent the killing of our Presidents and save our country from wars, anarchy and crime, let all our churches pray the Almighty to forgive our past sins and inspire the hearts of his people to carry humane education into all our schools.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, ENGLAND.

The British public has received with astonishment the Archbishop of York's pastoral proposing a day of national humiliation because of the slow success of British arms, and of penitence for national sins.

It is especially surprising, as he openly suggests imitation of the Boers, who proclaimed Aug. 9th as a day of humiliation. The archbishop quotes the Boer proclamation in full.

"It is easy," he says, "and not uncommon to denounce these people as hypocrites, and to laugh to scorn their open Bibles and meetings for prayer. If, without hypocrisy, we had long ago taken a similar course, it might have fared better with us there than it has done."—*Boston Herald*, Oct. 6th.

These words of the Archbishop of York come to our ears like the sound of a great cathedral bell, calling the Christian churches not only of England but of America.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

LOWELL.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

We are glad to see in the *New York Herald* and other papers, that President Roosevelt will have no docked-tailed horses. He insists that his horses shall have long tails.

Commenting on the above statement, the *Portsmouth Times* says:—

"No bob-tailed, artificial monstrosity in the shape of a horse will do for President Roosevelt. Good for him. If there is anything in this world lamentable to look at it is a big, handsome horse with a stub paint-brush sticking straight up in the air at the end of his backbone."

OUR PRIZES FOR THE OWNERS OF THE TWO MOST INTELLIGENT HORSES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The Committee, of which Arioch Wentworth, Esq., is Chairman, have been carefully considering this matter and we shall publish their report in our December issue, together with pictures of the two horses that draw the prizes.

THE TREES IN OCTOBER.

There's a beautiful artist abroad in the world,
And her pencil is dipped in heaven—
The gorgeous hues of Italian skies,
The radiant sunset's richest dyes,
The light of Aurora's laughing eyes,
Are each to her pictures given.

As I walked abroad yestere'en, what time
The sunset was fairest to see,
I saw her wonderful brush had been
Over a maple tree—half of it green—
And the fairest coloring that ever was seen
She had left on that maple tree.

There was red of every possible hue,
There was yellow of every dye,
From the faintest straw-tint to orange bright,
Fluttering, waving, flashing in light,
With the delicate green leaves still in sight,
Peeping out at the sunset sky.

She had touched the beech, and the scraggy thing
In a bright new suit was dressed;
Very queer, indeed, it looked to me,
The sober old beech tree thus to see,
So different from what he used to be,
Rigged out in a holiday vest.

Red, and russet, and green, and gray—
He had little indeed of gold—
For the beech was never known to be gay,
Being noted a very grave tree alway,
Never flaunting out in a fanciful way
Like other trees, we are told.

But the beautiful artist had touched him off
With an extra tint or so;
And he held his own very well with the rest,
On which, I am sure, she had done her best,
Dressing each in the fairest kind of a vest,
Till the forest was all aglow.

There were the willow that grew by the brook
And the old oak on the hill,
The graceful elm tree down in the swale,
The birch, the ash, and the bass-wood pale,
The orchard trees clustering over the vale,
And weeds that fringed the rill.

One she had gilt with a flood of gold,
And one she had tipped with flame;
One, she had dashed with every hue
That the laughing sunset ever knew,
And one—she had colored it through and through
Russet, all sober and tame.

Now this beautiful artist will only stay
A very few days, and then
She will finish her gorgeous pictures all,
And hurry away ere the gusty squall
Ruins her work, and the sere leaves fall
Darkly in copse and glen.

PAMELA VINING YULE,
In *Boston Evening Transcript*.

TO SAVE A CAT.

St. Louis, September 2.—Pity for a dumb animal in distress impelled James Blackstun to climb down the outside of the old water tower in North St. Louis, 157 feet above the ground, and rescue a cat from a ledge thirty feet from the top. For three days the cat maintained its position near the top of the tower. Several attempts were made to rescue it, but without success.

Securing a stout rope and a basket, and accompanied by three men, who were to lower him to the ledge, Blackstun climbed the 225 steps around the big standpipe. The rope was fastened under his armpits and the men lowered him to the ledge, where he found the cat had taken refuge behind a piece of ornamental work on the opposite side of the tower.

Blackstun walked around the ledge until he reached the cat's hiding-place. Reaching in he grabbed pussy by the back of the neck and hauled it out spitting and clawing. The men pulled him up.

Some of the most distinguished men in history, including Cardinal Wolsey of England and Cardinal Richelieu of France, were distinguished lovers of cats.

Moving into town don't forget your cat.

HOW SOME CITY GIRLS TRIED TO WATER THEIR HORSE.

W. W. Hall, a young farmer near Montpelier, enjoyed himself hugely a few days back in watching a couple of city girls attempt to water their horse at the trough at his place. The horse was checked up, and of course could not get his nose down to the water. This seemed to surprise the young ladies at first, but finally realizing the trouble they both got out of the buggy, and going behind lifted up the hind axle, and after raising the hind wheels clear off the ground peeped around the sides of the vehicle to see the horse drink. Finding that the horse didn't seem to know enough to stick his head down at the same time they raised the hind wheels, one girl remained behind to hold the buggy up and the other went to the horse's head and tried to pull his nose down to the water. After laughing, Will went to their assistance and unchecked the horse.

The young ladies gazed at first in bewilderment, and then with a kind of a don't-you-ever-tell look at each other calmly tucked the robe around them, leaned back in their seats, and, after waiting for the horse to drink, drove off, leaving Will to sit down on the corner of the trough and ruminate over the city girl and her way of doing things.—*Exchange*.

[We presume these girls would think when a horse's tail is cut off short it will grow again like a beet or a carrot.]

SHOT A CARRIER PIGEON.

"A pathetic message," says the Kennebec (Me.) Journal, was received by Dr. Gould, of Rockland, recently from that lonely place called Matinecus. Dr. Gould has a system of pigeons which convey messages from there to the mainland, and on Saturday there came a pigeon to the homing loft at Tenant's Harbor conveying news of the serious illness of Mrs. E. A. Young. The silent messenger that flew across twenty miles of seas to Tenant's Harbor was found to have seven No. 1 shot imbedded in her body and wings. With this injury by a thoughtless sportsman, the bird had flown across with her message, and, true to instinct, the bird had delivered her message. Shortly after the homecoming the bird died."

"Blessed are the merciful."

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."



DAISY BELL AND DUKE.

Owned by Mrs. N. A. Winans, Springfield, Mass.

[Used by kind permission of "Cat Journal," Palmyra, N. Y.]

SUICIDE FROM FEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., Oct. 6, 1901.—George Gibbons, aged 20, a student at Toronto University and a son of J. C. Gibbons of London, Ont., blew off his head with a rifle at Bridge House last night. He had recently been initiated into a Greek secret society, and a letter found on the floor commanded him to attend another meeting at 7 o'clock, under penalty of death. When he failed to appear, the jokers went to his room and found him dead on the floor.

COLLEGE BOYS' FOOLERY LAYS UP A NEOPHYTE AT SYRACUSE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1901.—Spencer G. Prime of Syracuse University is confined to his room in Pi Chapter-house, Psi Upsilon, as the result of a severe initiation last Friday night. He suffers from a severe nervous shock and injuries to right arm and leg. It is said that Prime, who is slightly crippled, did not show the proper degree of stamina as the initiation progressed, and the members made it a little harder.—*Boston Herald*.

When we entered college and were threatened with hazing, we secured the services of a blacksmith to render our door secure against any sudden attack. We bought firearms, and gave out notice that we should endeavor to shoot all who attempted to break it down. We thought it wiser to blow out others' brains than our own. We were not hazed.

A horse can travel safer and better with his head hanging down, or free, than it can when it is checked up. By all means let your horse have its head.

Biggle Horse Book.

PRESIDENT LOW OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

We are glad to notice in the *New York Herald* the good work that President Low, of Columbia University, has done to prevent hazing in that University. If this barbarism can be driven out of our Protestant colleges and universities, students entering them will thereafter be as safe as they now are in Roman Catholic institutions, and a great point will be gained towards the humane education of American students.

"SPORT."

Do you see that man? He has a gun. It is a double-barrelled gun. Is the man going to war? No. He is going to kill small birds. His motto is, *Let no little bird escape*. Do you see the dog? It is a pointer, and will find the bird for the man to kill. His gun is loaded with a hundred small shot which he will fire at one small bird. No; the birds have not hurt him nor threatened his life. He kills them because he is bigger than they, and to satisfy his desire to kill something. He works at it very hard, but he says it is great sport. He will hardly tackle anything of his size. Other savages prefer big game.

Pittsburg paper.

SUNDAY TALK IN THE HORSE SHEDS.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

(Old Gray comments on the service to his mate.)

My shoulders ache, and my knees are stiff, and it makes me want to fight
When I hear 'em sing, "O Day of Rest! O Day of Joy and Light!"
For we started late, and to get there soon we had to trot our best;
"Welcome,"—now hear 'em,—*"delightful morn, sweet day of sacred rest!"*

Now Parson's readin' the Scripture, "Remember the Sabbath day—
In it thou shalt not do any work"—"Amen," the people say;
"Thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy cattle, thy ox, or thy ass"—
Don't seem to exempt the horses, eh? So we'll let the lesson pass.

Can't you step over a little? The sun comes in this side—
And it don't say a word about the wife; I reckon that's why they decide
That Sunday's a day of rest on the farm from the labors of every-day life
For everything that the Lord hath made—except the horses and wife.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast"—I'd smile
At the parson's text, but if I did they'd hear me for a mile;
For I trotted the last ten minutes lame—I'd picked up a hard, sharp stone,
An' could hear the old man growlin' because his seat was "hard as a bone."

"Could I but climb where Moses stood"—but the half of them wouldn't climb;
They'd pile in the wagon full's 'twould hold an' ride up every time;
If they had to walk they'd do's they did when your pastern joint was sprained—
They'd say 'twas too fur, an' stay at home, like they did the times it rained.

I'm goin' to write a hymn some day, an' we'll sing it out in the sheds—
"Welcome, delightful morn that pours the rains upon our heads;
Welcome the slush, the snow that drifts, the mud that irritates,
The storms that bring a Sabbath rest to the cattle within the gates."

His voice was hushed, for the notes of song rose on the hallowed air—
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"—thanksgiving, praise and prayer;
"Praise him all creatures here below"—man, beast, and bird and thing—

With the possible exception of the farmer's wife, who, having remained at home to prepare a dinner of chicken soup, roast beef, beets, onions, roasting ears, salad, pudding, two kinds of pie, and fruit, for her husband, three sons, four daughters, the pastor, his wife and two children, the district secretary of the Home Mission Society, a distant relative from the city come out to spend the day, and two hired men, had very little time, and not much breath, and possibly not an everlastingly superabundant inclination to sing.

THE BIRDS' MOVING TIME.

The fall is the time of year when hundreds of thousands of birds migrate, by night and by day, in large battalions from the frost-bound North down to the sunny South. These migrations form one of the most interesting studies of ornithologists, who tell us that the little voyagers make their long journey with the precision and discipline of an army on the march. They have their advance and rear guards, while the main body is kept compact. Of course there are stragglers who are unable to keep up with their companions, but these fall out of the ranks, and unless they perish make their way as best they can to their destination.

Now that cold weather has set in at the north, millions of birds of almost every species are on the wing for the south. They are travelling along the same high roads over which they have passed from time immemorial. Some of them go in vast congre-

gations down the valley of the Mississippi, and will not on any account depart from that route until they reach their winter abiding-place. Others skirt along the fringe of the Rocky Mountains, thousands and thousands in a flock, halting at any stopping-place, so long as the weather is mild, and, when it is cold again, rising high into the air with a tumult of noises and continuing their southward march.

One of the most interesting things in connection with the night-flying birds is the apparently perfect system of signalling that they maintain when sometimes they are half a mile high in the air. They seem to have arranged a code of signals by whistling. The note is, of course, peculiar to the bird, and is used among other notes when singing, but for the purpose of signalling this note only is used. The bobolink, for instance, which has a wide range of song, when on the passage has but one cry, and he advises the main body of any threatened danger by whistling "spink, spink."

The birds that lead the main body are veterans who have made the march north and south for half a dozen years. The signal of a wild goose is a loud "honk." The kingfisher, who chatters in his summer creek and scolds so that you might almost imagine that he was a human being, simply gives a scream or a single resonant note, which keeps his forces together. The thrush and the robin each give a single shrill whistle, which can be heard across a storm at night for a distance of nearly a mile. These birds are all great travellers. Some of them travel every spring and fall from the shores of Hudson Bay, from Labrador and even Greenland, to the tropic of Capricorn, a distance of 6,000 miles.

The massing of these forces in the early fall is very curious and highly interesting. Not a single bird starts southward until the cutting northern winds begin to pipe. Then all the families or broods for miles around begin to collect, until hundreds, and sometimes thousands, get together and form into a body on the edge of a wood. Here the younger birds wheel, and scream, and frolic, chasing each other through the air; but the elders appear sedate, and seem to be waiting to collect together every bird that should join in the march.—*New York Recorder.*

INTERESTING LETTER FROM A BOY IN GERMANTOWN, PA.

We think it will be read with pleasure by many of our readers:—

Our "Band of Mercy" was formed in the back-yard of a vacant house. It was first thought of by reading "Black Beauty." I read that famous book with great interest, and then found some copies of *Our Dumb Animals* at my grandmother's. In this paper I saw how others were forming "Bands of Mercy," and thought I would form one, so I invited some of my friends to attend a "Band of Mercy" meeting in a vacant back-yard, and many joined. We immediately elected a president, secretary, treasurer, and vice-president. The first few meetings were spent in reading "Black Beauty" aloud to a crowd of boys, huddled together to keep warm. Soon we were permitted to meet in our house. We decided to name our "Band" the "Germantown Band." We enlarged our treasury by selling "Black Beauty." We bought them (about a dozen at a time) from the "Massachusetts Society" where they were printed. One of the members dramatized a story and we had a little play in one of the member's houses. Soon after this we had a magic lantern show. We now began to look around to see how to spend our money, and decided to give "Black Beauty" to each of the horse-car drivers. So we gave them to the drivers, some of whom were very thankful. The last thing we have done is to buy one hundred pamphlets on the check-rein by Mr. Angell. These cost us only sixty cents. We have divided them among the members and they have been distributing them over the city to men who have high check-reins on their horses. We now have 55 cents in the treasury in cash, and seven "Black Beauty's" which will bring in twelve cents apiece, so our prospects are not at all dull.

ROBERT T. NEWHALL, Pres't.

It is a test of politeness for a man to listen with interest to things he knows all about, when they are being told by a person who knows nothing about them.

IN ALASKA.

The *Seattle Weekly Times* tells of a combat between a man and a huge glacier bear in Alaska, in which the life of the man was saved by a small mongrel dog, which he had threatened several times to kill, because, as he said, the dog was "no account." When the bear had struck down the man and beaten him into insensibility, it started away, carrying the unconscious body. The faithful dog followed and bit the heels of the monster until it dropped its burden and turned its attention to the dog. The trusty servitor made a hurried escape, drawing the bear after him. A second time did the bear return and try to drag the body of the man to its lair. A second time did the dog so worry and harass the Arctic animal that it was again forced to drop its prey. At this time a party of rescuers came and killed the bear. The torn and bleeding form of the man was carried back to camp, and his life was saved.

A dog is often the best friend a man has. It does not desert him in misfortune. His friends may turn from him in the hour of trouble, but his dog—never. Through summer's heat and winter's wind, whether or not there be food and shelter, the faithful animal will follow.

Without murmur or desertion it will receive the kicks of its master in his fits of ill-temper, and run to lick his hand when the sunshine comes again. It will guard his home, watch over his children, protect his wife—and all without price or hope of reward.

There is no more sincere mourner. In many cases he has remained for days watching his master's grave.

LOST HIS TEMPER.

An English sparrow went upon a search for a new home yesterday, says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*.

It so happened that he lighted, in the course of his travels, on the statue of Benjamin Franklin, which graces the big triangle at Park Row's junction with Nassau Street.

The metal Franklin, as everybody knows, sports a tie wig, which swells out over the ears after the manner of the truly swagger girl's back hair, and in the consequent crevice the homeless sparrow fancied he had discovered an ideal place for a nest.

He proceeded to experiment. Darting down to the street he captured a tiny bit of rag and shoved it into the opening between Mr. Franklin's wig and left auricular.

The rag failed to catch on the smooth metal and slipped out. It was seized by the little home-builder and shoved back again. Several other English sparrows gathered around the statue's shoulders and began to gey the first.

He paid no attention to them and by actual count dragged the obstinate rag back into the crevice fifteen times.

The second that it left its beak it slid out again. Suddenly the temper of the much-suffering sparrow exploded. He sailed into his tormentors with the energy of a cyclone, and in three minutes the entire crew was whipped most beautifully.

Then, smoothing his ruffled feathers, the visitor seated himself upon Mr. Franklin's august head and calmly surveyed the scene of battle.

BIRDS OF GERMANY.

The birds of Germany, like the crows of Ireland, are the pets of the people, both in the city and the country. They are protected by law, but no law is needed for their protection. They are so tame that many of them build their nests inside of the houses and are never disturbed by old or young. Throw down a few crumbs, and they will come down from the trees and almost eat out of your hand. The consequence is that fruit-growers never suffer from the invasion of worms, and the plum and damson, which have almost disappeared from our markets, grow here to the greatest perfection. The holidays are not distinguished, as they are with us, by a throng of boys and men with shot-guns pouring into the country and slaying, out of mere wantonness, the feathery tribes, which are regarded here as the most efficient co-laborers to the agriculturist.—From "Europe," by C. C. Fulton, Editor of "Baltimore American."

Why is a dirty boy like flannel?—Because he shrinks from washing.

"JIM KEY."

We have been having exhibited at our Food Fair in Mechanic's Building, Boston, the above-named horse, which is possibly the most wonderful horse in the world. Hundreds of thousands of adults and children in various cities of our country have seen and praised him, and some of our friends who have witnessed his performances have hardly been able to find language to express their astonishment and delight.

We take no advertisements in our paper at any price, but we have no hesitation in saying that we wish all who love horses would make sure to see "Jim Key" wherever he is exhibited. GEO. T. ANGELL.

"JIM KEY."

By kind permission of and arrangement with Mr. Albert R. Rogers, the owner of "Jim Key," we have been able [without expense to our Humane Societies] to send out thousands of invitations to teachers and all the Boston police to see this wonderful horse, our Police Commissioners giving their kind consent that all our police should have this privilege.

We would add that in Cincinnati and other cities the public schools have, by the vote of their School Boards, had the same privilege.

We hope to have still more to say about this in December *Our Dumb Animals*.

A LITTLE ROAN MARE.

A week ago a little roan mare with a strap drawn tightly about her neck broke down a gate at the home of Col. Philip Bozener at Dutchtown, twelve miles from Somerville, and walking up the garden path kicked at the door until it was opened by Col. Bozener, who forced a stick under the strap and cut it. The mare fell, but soon got to her feet and ran toward the Colonel, who had become alarmed and took to his heels. The mare caught up with him and rubbed her nose against his shoulder. He was about to lead her to a watering trough when she spied a washerwoman at work over a tub in the back yard. Before the mare could be stopped she had pushed the woman away from the tub and swallowed a lot of soapy water.

Col. Bozener stabled the creature and then made an effort to find her owner. In a secluded spot in the woods, several miles from his residence, he found a light road wagon, which contained a set of harness. Hanging from a tree nearby was a broken rein which belonged to the strap which he had cut from the mare's neck. A number of mountaineers said they had seen the mare tied to the tree for several days and believed she belonged to a party of campers. Col. Bozener believed the mare had been stolen and abandoned in the woods. He notified Detective Totten of that place. Totten found that the mare belonged to Peter Laughlin of 99 Centre street, Newark. Laughlin and the detective went to the Bozener place to-day. The little mare became frantic with joy when she saw Laughlin as he placed his arms about her neck. The roan was stolen while standing in front of a hotel in Newark. The thief had tried to sell the rig several times before he abandoned it in the woods.—*Passaic (N. J.) City Record*.

THE HORSE "JIM KEY" AS A SPELLER.

We find this morning on our table a plumber's bill, in which he describes us as "Mr. Angle." In our daily paper we find that remarkable horse "Jim Key" is spelling to Boston audiences our name as "Angell." It rather strikes us that "Jim Key" is a better speller than the plumber, though his bill is not so large.



JIM KEY.

"JIM KEY" AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

At the exhibition of "Jim Key" Saturday, about two thousand Boston school children, at the request of Mr. Albert R. Rogers of Orange, N. J., the owner of "Jim Key," held up their hands and repeated this promise: "I will always be kind to animals."

Mr. Rogers tells us that over one hundred and eighty-five thousand boys and girls, after seeing "Jim Key," have already made this promise.

We have made Mr. Rogers and Dr. Key, the teacher of "Jim Key," and "Jim Key" himself, all honorary members of the Parent American Band of Mercy, whose branches, as our readers know, now number probably between two and three millions members.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Our Western agent, Mr. Hubbard, has been at work during the last month in Michigan, having formed since last report 193 "Bands of Mercy." Our Eastern agent, Mr. Leach, has since last report formed 176 "Bands of Mercy" in twenty-two towns of Western Massachusetts.

A PLEASANT SIGHT.

To-day I saw a pleasant sight. A loaded express team was passing through Cabot Street (Boston), when it became imbedded in the sand and gravel. The driver, though he kindly patted his horse, could not pull through the sand. About twenty boys gathered near, and at once sprang to the wheels to push, some scraping the stones from the wheels. But the team did not move. A man passing offered advice, but the boys gave their strength, added to that of another man who happened along, and soon the horse moved his load.

My heart went out to those boys. I thanked them for the horse and myself.

May your "Bands of Mercy" multiply, until the whole human family shall be united in love to all creatures. C. B.

August 18.

SLEEP.

ROXBURY, Oct. 17.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I read your article on sleep in *Our Dumb Animals*, and having suffered much in years past from insomnia I would like to give through your paper a very simple remedy which has never failed to give me sleep. It is as follows: A wet bandage applied to the base of the brain and a dry one outside. I have tried it with such good results that I wish all sleepless ones would do the same. A. S.

THE LITTLE MAID'S AMEN.

A rustle of robes as the anthem
Soared gently away on the air—
The Sabbath morn's service was over,
And briskly I stepped down the stair;
When close in a half-lighted corner,
Where the tall pulpit stairway came down,
Asleep crouched a tender, wee maiden,
With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,
But gently to wake her I spoke;
When, at the first word, the small damsel,
With one little gasp, straight awoke.
"What brought you here, fair little angel?"
She answered with voice like a bell:

"I tum, for I've dot a sick mamma,
And want 'oo to please pray her well!"

"Who told you?" began I;—she stopped me;
"Don't nobody told me at all;
And papa can't see 'os he's cryin',
And 'sides, sir, I isn't so small;
I've been here before with my mamma,
We tummed when you ringed the big bell;
And ev'ry time I've heard you prayin'
For lots o' sick folks to dit well."

Together we knelt on the stairway,
As humbly I asked the Great Power
To give back health to the mother,
And banish bereavement's dark hour.
I finished the simple petition,
And paused for a moment—and then
A sweet little voice at my elbow
Lispd softly and gently "Amen!"

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward,
The little maid's tongue knew no rest;
She prattled and mimicked and carolled—
The shadow was gone from her breast;
And lo! when we reached the fair dwelling—
The nest of my golden-haired wife—
We found that the dearly loved mother
Was past the dread crisis—and safe.

They listened, amazed at my story,
And wept o'er their darling's strange quest,
While the arms of the pale, loving mother
Drew the brave little head to her breast;
With eyes that were brimming and grateful,
They thanked me again and again—
Yet I know in my heart that the blessing
Was won by that gentle "Amen."

Expositor.

'Tis yet high day, thy staff resume,
And fight fresh battles for the truth;
For what is age but youth's full bloom,
A ripper, more transcendent, youth!

A weight of gold
Is never old;
Streams broader grow as downward rolled.

At sixty-two life has begun;
At seventy-three begin once more:
Fly swifter as thou near'st the sun,
And brighter shine at eighty-four;
At ninety-five
Shouldst thou arrive,

Still wait on God, and work and thrive.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, November, 1901.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

Note In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones. GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month two hundred and ninety-three new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of forty-seven thousand three hundred and seventy-five.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

HUMANE EDUCATION AND PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

At the October meeting of the Directors of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 16th ult., President Angell reported that the whole number of cases which had received attention by our city agents since last report had been 2087; 90 horses had been taken from work, and 98 horses and other animals mercifully killed. Country agents report 356 cases attended to, 69 horses taken from work, and 61 horses and other animals mercifully killed.

The Massachusetts Society has succeeded, through its agent, Edward L. Day, of Stockbridge, in convicting Dr. George Harder, of Pittsfield, and Patrick Hennessy, of New York, in the District Court of Pittsfield, for the mutilation of five horses by docking, and each of said parties was fined by the court \$300.

Two hundred and ninety-three new "Bands of Mercy" have been formed, making the total number 47,375.

Our Western agent has recently formed 193 Bands in Michigan, and our Eastern agent 176 Bands in twenty-two western Massachusetts towns.

THE DEATH OF MRS. FAIRCHILD-ALLEN.

It is with profound regret that we announce the death, on October 7th, of our good friend, Mrs. Fairchild-Allen, of Chicago, Illinois, known to nearly all our humane workers in the United States and many in other countries for the noble work she has been constantly attempting and doing for those who had no power to thank her.

She has gone, as we humbly trust, to a better and happier world, where we hope she may be richly rewarded for the good she has done.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

We are glad to receive from Mr. R. W. Porter, of the Arkansas Humane Society, an interesting account of about one thousand essays written on kindness to animals for prizes offered to the public schools of Little Rock.

LIKE AN ANVIL.

"Stand like an anvil" when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil" when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks,
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil" when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an anvil" when the sound
Of pond'rous hammers pains the ear;
Thine but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

THE LETHAL CHAMBER.

SIR,—In reference to the Lethal Chamber, if any one has been very nearly suffocated they will tell you that the lethal chamber process is a frightful death. The feeling is horrible; sometimes the dogs take over five minutes. Poisoning by hydrocyanic acid takes only half a minute—why not use it? Is it the expense or want of knowledge on the part of the destroyer? In regard to the suffocation, I am writing from my own experience. I am, sir, yours, etc., ARTHUR H. JACOBS, M. R. C. V. S.—*Animal World*.

Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of those who come in contact with you, and you will never be forgotten. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars in heaven.—THOMAS CHALMERS.

THE MOTHER-BIRD'S LOVE.

When my mother was a little girl she lived in Virginia, near the Potomac river. One bright May morning she mounted her pony and started for a ride with her father. Soon their road brought them to the edge of the woods near the river. They saw a thin cloud of smoke rising from the woods, and the smell of burning leaves was in the air. They stopped to watch the fire. What cry do they hear? Above them, a fish-hawk is slowly flying and making cries as if she were in trouble. Near them is an old oak—its dead trunk covered with the stems of last year's vines—and among the topmost boughs is a nest. Round and round that nest flew the fish-hawk. Her little brood were lying in the nest, and the mother knew that they were in danger. Swiftly the flames drew nearer to the oak. They seized upon the vines that clung to it. Quickly they mounted this light ladder. The twigs of the nest caught the flame. The fish-hawk ceased her cries and flew to the nest. With her beak she pulled out the blazing bits of wood and straw. Long she fought against the fire, till at last she saw that she could not save her little ones. What will she do now? There is but one thing left for her to do. She can die with them. So, circling round and round, the mother-bird sunk slowly down upon her nest, covered her brood with her wings, and was burned to death. So sweet and strong and self-forgetful is mother-love! My mother looked up and saw tears in her father's eyes. They turned their horses and rode slowly home. But the bright May morning had suddenly grown dull and dim.—MAY WILSON.

PLEA FOR MERCY.

We have received from an English lady, Mrs. E. Phillips, President of Tunbridge Wells S. P. C. A., the following "Song of Prayer," written by her:—

Dedicated to those who pray daily at 8 a. m. for the dumb creatures of God.

Almighty Father! who dost give
The breath of life to all who live,
To Thee we turn, amazed, afraid,
From Thee alone we look for aid.

Behold, before Thy throne we stand,
A numerous but a feeble band;
Women and children join to seek
Thy help for creatures yet more weak.

In open day, in silent night,
In sunshine, torch glare, soft moonlight,
In Christian lands, Thy creatures groan
Or writhe and die, forbid to moan.

And Christian men, for want of thought,
Check not the evil daily wrought:
O gentlest Shepherd of the sheep,
Wake up strong hearts from selfish sleep!

Trusting in Thee we humbly bend,
For Thou alone canst succor send,
And on our knees Thy mercy pray
For every living thing to-day.

HIS BEST GIRL.

We find in the *New York Recorder* an interesting account of a travelling man who was seen by his companions to kiss a letter he had just received. They declared that it was not from his wife, and he finally admitted to them that it was from his best girl. After considerable badgering he consented to let them read it, and this was the letter:—

"My own dear Pa Pa, I aa mi P Rairs every nite wen I kis yure Pictshure I Ask god to bless you good Bi Pa Pa yure best gurl. DOLLY."

CASES OF CRUELTY INVESTIGATED.

Whole number of cases investigated by our office agents in September, 2087; horses taken from work, 90; horses and other animals killed, 98.

Report of Country Agents for Last Quarter.

Whole number dealt with, 289; animals taken from work, 69; mercifully killed, 34.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over forty-seven thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word harmless from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also without cost, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

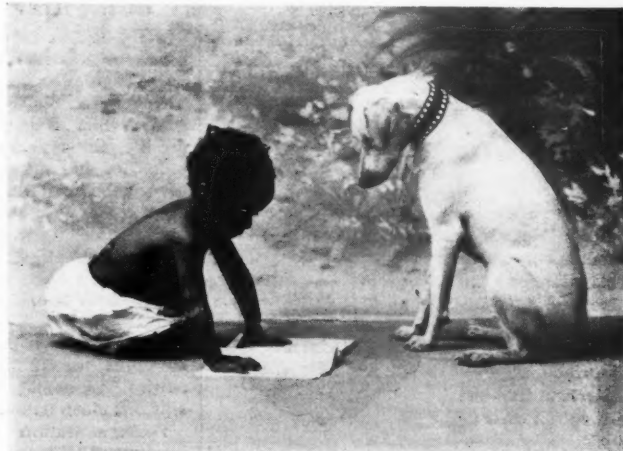
Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.



TRYING TO READ.

One of many half-tones printed in "Boston Sunday Journal."

A LONDON GENTLEMAN.

A London gentleman, who had a beautiful collie, provided him with a collar on which the owner's name and address were engraved. On being asked whether this had ever served to bring the dog back to him, he told the following interesting incident:

"On one occasion I lost Scotti in Piccadilly. You know how much I rush about in hansom cabs, and Scotti always goes with me—we travel many miles in a week together in this way; but on this occasion I was walking and missed him. Search was in vain. The crowd was great, traffic drowned the sound of my whistle; and, after waiting awhile and looking elsewhere, I returned to my suburban home without my companion, and sorrowful, yet hoping that he might find his way back.

"In about two hours after my arrival a hansom cab drove up to the door, and out jumped Scotti. The cabman rang for his fare, and, thinking he had somehow captured the runaway, I inquired how and where he found him. 'Oh, sir,' said cabby, 'I didn't hail him at all. He hailed me. I was a-standing close by St. James' Church, a-looking out for a fare, when in jumps the dog. 'Like his impudence,' says I. So I shouts through the window; but he wouldn't stir. So I gets down and tries to pull him out, and shows him my whip; but he sits still and barks, as much as to say, 'Go on, old man.' As I seizes him by the collar I reads the name and address. 'All right, my fine gentleman,' says I. 'I'll drive you where you're a-wanted, I dare say.' So I shuts to the door, and my gentleman settles himself with his head just looking out, and I drives on till I stops at this here gate, when out jumps my passenger, a-clearing the door, and walks in as calmly as though he'd been a reg'lar fare.' I gave my friend the cabman a liberal fare, and congratulated Scotti on his intelligence—be it instinct, or reason, or whatever it may be—that told him that hansom cabs had often taken him safely home, and therefore a hansom cab would probably do so again, now that he could not find his way and had lost his master."—Boston Herald.

IN SOUTH GEORGIA.

Mr. B. T. Harper of Southbridge, Mass., gives the following interesting experience:

"The fact that dogs have a way of communicating news to one another was demonstrated to me in a very singular and amusing fashion about four years ago. It was in South Georgia, where as yet little provision is made for the comfort of domestic animals, where during cold, wind-swept nights, shelterless cows and mules wander about restlessly, where chickens and turkeys roosting on leafless trees fill the sharp air with their plaintive voices, where dogs and other domestic animals must seek their own night quarters as best they can. One of those bitter, cold nights, such as a cold wave often brings, I heard at our front door the unmistakable sounds of scratching and whining, and found upon opening, two of my little neighborhood friends, a pug and little terrier,

asking admission to all appearances. In face of the cruel cold it was granted them, and they were welcome to share the comfortable quarters of my own two dogs. In the morning they took their departure. But how great was my astonishment to see them return the following cold evening and accompanied by a large Irish setter, who likewise wagged admission to the warm quarters he seemed to have knowledge of.

"If there were any doubts as to whether these hospitable night lodgings were discussed among the shelterless dogs of the neighborhood, these doubts were removed on the third night when my three tramps returned, their number increased by another pug and an old pointer. The mute but eloquent language of their wagging tails, the humble appeal in their sincere eyes were certainly amusing.

"With my own two pets and these five tramps I had now seven dogs stretched out comfortably before my dining-room grate. But with their irrequiescent behavior and their many ingratiating ways, they had insured for themselves a welcome at our house as long as the cold spell lasted, which was nearly a week. As soon as the cold subsided they returned no more. Is not this good evidence of the power of communication among our speechless friends?"—Boston Herald.

A DOG'S RACE WITH A LOCOMOTIVE.

(From the Boston Times.)

Passengers on the noon train on Sunday on the Boston & Providence road were quietly interested in a pointer dog. The canine would not violate the rules which forbid passengers to stand on the platform, and he was too modest to enter the passenger car, which was crowded, principally by ladies. His master was in a dilemma, and before he had time to resolve what to do the train started, and so did the dog. The locomotive whistle screeched and the dog yelped in defiance as the race began. At times the ambitious animal would be ahead of the engine, and then would fall behind. Every window in the train had a head or two peering out watching the race, and all sympathized with the dog. He seemed to realize that he was an object of interest, as he would make an occasional burst and show terrific speed. Between the Heath street station and Boylston the Stony brook runs under the railway, and the bridge is not planked. The pointer went pell-mell between the guards and down into the stream. But he as suddenly emerged and gained the track, and reached Boylston just as the train stopped. Had it been any other day than Sunday the dog would have been saluted with hearty cheers by the ladies and gentlemen whose interest he excited. As it was, he gave three yelps for himself and almost upset his master, so glad was he at meeting him on terra firma.

No paper which comes to this office is more welcome or more closely read than *Our Dumb Animals*.
Saturday Graphic.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

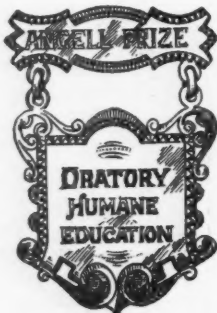
(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.



OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also Mr. Angell's *Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"—*Boston Courier*.

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."—*Gloucester Breeze*.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE."

On the first day of issuing this book we had over a hundred orders for it, some of them for fifty and twenty-five copies.

"PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

We acknowledge from various friends donations to aid us in the gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which everyone reads with pleasure, and having read wants everybody else to read.

To those who wish to buy it the price for our edition is 10 cents, and Mrs. Carter's cloth-bound edition, for which the publisher's price is 75 cents, we are permitted to sell at 60 cents, or post-paid 65 cents.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &C.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address Art and Natural Study Publishing Co., Providence, R. I.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for the protection of birds.
- (2) Placards for the protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

- (1) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.
- (2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.
- (3) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.
- (4) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- | | | | | |
|---|---|--|--|--|
| 46991 Round Hill, N. S.
Victoria Band.
P., Miss Eva McLaughlin. | 47036 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Sechrist. | 47081 St. Louis, Mo.
Jr. Soc. of C. E. Band.
P., Miss H. Mummert. | 47128 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Marlatt. | 47175 Broomshire Band.
P., Silvia Parsons. |
| 46992 Harrisburg, Pa.
Elma Preston Band.
P., Miss Mary Burtnett. | 47037 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Bertscher. | 47082 Charlestown, Mass.
Winthrop Band.
P., Miss G. I. Chandler. | 47129 Christian S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47176 Shirkshire Band.
P., Miss Harris. |
| 46993 Carterville, Mo.
Junior League Band.
P., Mrs. Annie E. Black. | 47038 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Lane. | 47083 Whittier, Cal.
Cong. Jr. Endeavor Band.
P., Mrs. A. C. Strain. | 47130 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Kennedy. | 47177 Pollard Band.
P., Cora Marsh. |
| 46994 Canaan, Vt.
Canaan Band.
P., Miss Hattie Weeks. | 47039 Episcopal S. S.
No. 1 Band.
P., Dr. Webster. | 47084 Schenectady, N. Y.
Junior League Band.
P., Alice M. Barker. | 47131 Christian Col. S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47178 Conway Band, Div. 10.
P., Mary Bradford. |
| 46995 Short Creek, Ohio.
Short Creek L. T. L. Band.
P., Miss Lida McLaughlin. | 47040 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Webster. | 47085 Forest City, Ark.
Forest City Band.
P., Miss Virgie Aldredge. | 47132 No. 2 Band.
P., Horace Stewart. | 47179 Smithease Band.
P., Lucilia Smith. |
| 46996 Oran, N. Y.
A. H. E. S. Band.
P., Marion J. Lewis. | 47041 Bapt. S. S.
No. 1 Band.
P., J. J. Marley. | 47086 Mantorville, Minn.
Mantorville Band.
P., R. L. Gates. | 47133 Nadeau, Mich.
School Dist. No. 4.
P., Valentine DeRosier. | 47180 Shelburne, Mass.
Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Hawks. |
| 46997 Martinsville, Ind.
Presb. S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47042 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Perry. | 47087 Little Falls, Minn.
Columbia Band.
P., Henry Mann. | 47134 Ingalls, Mich.
Ingalls School Band.
P., Annie LaBlanc. | 47181 Loyal Band.
P., Miss Brayley. |
| 46998 No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. Mitchell. | 47043 No. 3 Band.
P., Mr. Jones. | 47088 Royalton, Mass.
Sunshine Band.
P., E. R. Boomer. | 47135 Schaghticoke, N. Y.
Home Band.
P., Walter B. Banker. | 47182 Honor Band.
P., Miss Wetmore. |
| 46999 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Stevens. | 47044 No. 4 Band.
P., Mr. Loomas. | 47089 Helpers Band.
P., M. H. Jennings. | 47136 Knightstown, Ind.
Meth. S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47183 Golden Rod Band.
P., Miss Case. |
| 47000 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss M. Gilpin. | 47045 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Hodd. | 47090 Hiawatha Band.
P., M. T. Groat. | 47137 No. 2 Band.
P., George Williams. | 47184 Frankton Band.
P., Mrs. A. L. Johnston. |
| 47001 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss G. Gilpin. | 47046 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss McMurtry. | 47091 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Wilcox. | 47138 Friends S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47185 Goshen, Mass.
West School Band.
P., Miss Manning. |
| 47002 No. 6 Band.
P., Mrs. Reid. | 47047 Presb. S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47092 Red, White and Blue Bd.
P., Miss Edmunds. | 47139 No. 2 Band.
P., Anna Binford. | 47186 South School Band.
P., Miss Paterson. |
| 47003 No. 7 Band.
P., Mr. Berger. | 47048 No. 2 Band.
P., H. Lukens. | 47093 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Sawyer. | 47140 Bernardston, Mass.
High School Band. | 47187 Northwest School Band.
P., Mrs. Storey. |
| 47004 Methodist S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47049 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Lorch. | 47094 Children's Hour Band.
P., Miss Lander. | 47141 Bold Mountain Band.
P., Lila G. Atherton. | 47188 Shelburne, Mass.
High School Band.
P., Charles Holbrook. |
| 47005 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Clark. | 47050 No. 4 Band.
P., Mrs. Ruble. | 47095 Bell of Justice Band.
P., Miss Patterson. | 47142 South St. School Band.
P., Lillian Merrifield. | 47189 Colrain, Mass.
Colrain Band, Div. 1.
P., Florence M. Lyman. |
| 47006 No. 3 Band.
P., Mrs. Loesch. | 47051 Roxbury, Mass.
Rice Band.
P., Miss Edith Pendleton. | 47096 Sunderland, Mass.
Sunderland Band, Div. 1.
P., Cordelia Gaylord. | 47143 Dist. No. 2 Band.
P., Elizabeth L. Denison. | 47190 Colrain Band, Div. 2.
P., Alice M. Thompson. |
| 47007 No. 4 Band.
P., Mrs. Sedwick. | 47052 Thornville, Ohio.
Thornville Band.
P., Miss Emma M. Stevens. | 47097 Sunderland Band, Div. 2.
P., May L. Crocker. | 47144 Buckland, Mass.
Webster Band.
P., Miss M. E. Mann. | 47191 Colrain Band, Div. 3.
P., Hazel L. Warner. |
| 47008 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Winters. | 47053 York, Neb.
Mothers Jewels Home Bd.
P., James Hobstrum. | 47098 Sunderland Band, Div. 3.
P., E. Beulah Saunders. | 47145 Scott Band.
P., Genevieve Sikes. | 47192 Colrain Band, Div. 4.
P., Ellen A. Peterson. |
| 47009 No. 6 Band.
P., Mrs. Prewit. | 47054 Cochranville, Pa.
Russellville Bd.
P., Ella Broomell. | 47099 Sunderland Band, Div. 4.
P., G. B. Smith. | 47146 Longfellow Band.
P., S. E. Long. | 47193 Colrain Band, Div. 5.
P., Elizabeth Cleveland. |
| 47010 No. 7 Band.
P., Mrs. Bunch. | 47055 Summersville, W. Va.
Mountain State No. 2 Bd.
P., Amata Outlip. | 47100 Hubbardston, Mass.
High School Band.
P., Mildred Wheeler. | 47147 Bryant Band.
P., B. J. Barber. | 47194 Colrain Band, Div. 6.
P., Judith L. Jones. |
| 47011 Christian S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47056 Leominster, Mass.
Honored Band.
P., John Hunt. | 47101 Grammar School Band.
P., Frances L. Palmer. | 47148 Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Shelburne Falls Bd. No. 1.
P., Anna B. Koonz. | 47195 Knightstown, Ind.
No. 1 Band.
P., Alonzo Henshaw. |
| 47012 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Clark. | 47057 Branch, Pa.
Working Band.
P., Sue B. Wynn. | 47102 Div. 3 Band.
P., Mrs. Hayes. | 47149 Shelburne Falls Bd. No. 2.
P., Wilhemina I. Yetter. | 47196 No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. Brown. |
| 47013 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Seaman. | 47058 Allston, Mass.
Austin Street Band.
P., Chester Allen. | 47103 Div. 4 Band.
P., Bertha M. Roper. | 47150 Shelburne Falls Bd. No. 3.
P., D. J. Brown. | 47197 Raysville, Ind.
Friends S. S.
No. 1 Band. |
| 47014 No. 4 Band.
P., Mrs. Ensor. | 47059 Alexandria, Ind.
First Bapt. S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47104 Black Beauty Band.
P., Eva A. Davis. | 47151 Shelburne Falls Bd. No. 4.
P., M. M. Purrington. | 47198 No. 2 Band.
P., Christie Bird. |
| 47015 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Maxwell. | 47060 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Perry. | 47105 Beautiful Joe Band.
P., Mary Prentiss. | 47152 Williamsburg, Mass.
Center High School Band.
P., Edward Larkin. | 47199 Colebrook, N. H.
Power of Good Band No. 9.
P., Miss Ida A. Jacobs. |
| 47016 Bapt. S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47061 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Hood. | 47106 Hiawatha Band.
P., Edith R. Noon. | 47153 Div. 2 Band.
P., Josephine G. Cahill. | 47200 Dry Mills, Maine.
Dry Mills Band.
P., Miss Alma Savoy. |
| 47017 No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. Norman. | 47062 No. 4 Band.
P., Mr. Jones. | 47107 Templeton, Mass.
High School Band.
P., C. E. Sibley. | 47154 Div. 3 Band.
P., Grace F. Martyn. | 47201 Corning, N. Y.
Corning Band.
P., Mr. R. E. Close. |
| 47018 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Swain. | 47063 No. 5 Band.
P., Mr. Loomas. | 47108 Baldwinville Band, Div. 1.
P., Katherine Murray. | 47155 Searsville Band.
P., L. E. Avery. | 47202 Mosier, Pa.
McKinley Memorial Band.
P., Miss Elsie A. Limber. |
| 47019 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Avery. | 47064 St. Mary's S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47109 Baldwinville Band, Div. 2.
P., M. A. Holden. | 47156 North St. School Band.
P., Edith B. Damon. | 47203 N. Y. City, N. Y.
Earnest Workers Band.
P., Florentine M. Field. |
| 47020 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Utter. | 47065 No. 2 Band.
P., Rev. J. Baker. | 47110 Baldwinville Band, Div. 3.
P., C. L. Bowker. | 47157 Nash St. Band.
P., Cora M. Howlett. | 47204 Providence, R. I.
Manton Ave. School.
Kind Little Helpers Band. |
| 47021 Liberty S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47066 No. 3 Band.
P., Sister Alphonsina. | 47111 Baldwinville Band, Div. 4.
P., Cora L. Paine. | 47158 Black Beauty Band.
P., Mary L. Butler. | 47205 Golden Rule Band.
P., Emily M. Corcoran. |
| 47022 No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. Lowder. | 47067 No. 4 Band.
P., Sister Leonilla. | 47112 Baldwinville Band, Div. 5.
P., R. E. Coleman. | 47159 Mountain School Band.
P., Arthur Brandt. | 47206 Sunshine Band.
P., Grace E. Inman. |
| 47023 No. 3 Band.
P., Mrs. Robinson. | 47068 No. 5 Band.
P., Sister Jovita. | 47113 Baldwinville Band, Div. 6.
P., M. T. Oakes. | 47160 Maple School Band.
P., N. G. Hickey. | 47207 Loyal Defenders Band.
P., Avis A. Hawkins. |
| 47024 Belvidere, N. C.
L. T. L. Band. | 47069 Wilkinson, Ind.
Friends S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47114 Baldwinville Band, Div. 7.
P., Miss Hobbs. | 47161 Purrington School Band.
P., Lizzie Purrington. | 47208 Protectors of the Helpless Band.
P., Reuben F. Randall. |
| 47025 Binghampton, N. Y.
Floral Ave. Band. | 47070 No. 2 Band.
P., A. C. Faurot. | 47115 Templeton Center Band.
Div. 1.
P., Lizzie D. Miles. | 47162 Haydenville, Mass.
Haydenville Band, Div. 1.
P., Nellie G. Ryan. | 47209 Smith St. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Catherine E. Hanley. |
| 47026 Perham, Minn.
Lend-a-Hand Band. | 47071 No. 3 Band.
P., Mrs. Cook. | 47116 Templeton Center Band.
Div. 2.
P., Effie M. Brewer. | 47163 Haydenville Band, Div. 2.
P., F. I. Bennett. | 47210 Little Little Helpers Band.
P., Genevieve B. Wallace. |
| 47027 Savoy Centre, Mass.
Star Band. | 47072 No. 4 Band.
P., Mrs. Wiggins. | 47117 Templeton Center Band.
Div. 3.
P., H. J. Maynard. | 47164 Haydenville Band, Div. 3.
P., N. G. Ryan. | 47211 Golden Rule Band.
P., R. Anna Scallan. |
| 47028 Meadowville Sta., N. S.
Meadowville School Band. | 47073 No. 5 Band.
P., Sister Arnos. | 47118 Otter River Band, Div. 1.
P., Mary A. Kelley. | 47165 Haydenville Band, Div. 4.
P., L. J. Dakin. | 47212 Golden Rule Band.
P., Cathalena L. Rovelto. |
| 47029 Alexandria, Ind.
Cong. S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47074 No. 6 Band.
P., Mrs. Cooper. | 47119 Otter River Band, Div. 2.
P., Bessie H. Kelley. | 47166 Pembina, Mich.
Pembina Dist. Sch. Band.
P., Arthur Brandt. | 47213 Golden Rule Band.
P., Ida Carpenter. |
| 47030 No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. McNarry. | 47075 London, Ky.
Sunshine Band No. 1.
P., Henry Lewis. | 47120 Otter River Band, Div. 3.
P., Mary Hare. | 47167 Charlestown, P. E. I.
Loyal Crusaders Band.
P., John L. Godkin. | 47214 Lincoln Band.
P., Margaret H. Brennan. |
| 47031 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Jones. | 47076 Sunshine Band No. 2.
P., Florence A. Lewis. | 47121 E. Templeton Band, Div. 1.
P., Alice M. Day. | 47168 Elkhorn, Neb.
Beautiful Joe Band.
P., Desda Baldwin. | 47215 Golden Rule Band.
P., Maria F. Dunham. |
| 47032 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Straus. | 47077 Sunshine Band No. 3.
P., Louise Posey. | 47122 E. Templeton Band, Div. 2.
P., L. E. Hunter. | 47169 Conway, Mass.
Conway Band, Div. 1.
P., Wm. Avery. | 47216 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., Maria F. Dunham. |
| 47033 Meth. S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47078 Sunderland, Mass.
Cong. S. S. Band.
P., Rev. Mr. Butler. | 47123 E. Templeton Band, Div. 3.
P., L. E. Hunter. | 47170 Conway Band, Div. 2.
P., Hattie Field. | 47217 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., Amelia S. Cory. |
| 47034 No. 2 Band.
P., J. C. Condo. | 47079 Gloversville, N. Y.
Gloversville Band.
P., Mrs. Minnie Walker. | 47124 Holyoke, Mass.
Star of the Sea Band.
P., Sister Mary Charles. | 47171 Conway Band, Div. 3.
P., Hattie Clary. | 47218 Earnest Happy Workers Band.
P., Eliza J. Hopkins. |
| 47035 No. 3 Band.
P., Mr. Culbertson. | 47080 Philadelphia, Pa.
Westminster Jr. C. E. Bd.
P., Miss Mary Miller. | 47125 Carthage, Ind.
Friends S. S.
No. 1 Band. | 47172 Conway Band, Div. 4.
P., Hattie Yeomans. | 47219 Ring St. School.
Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., Annie L. Preston. |
| | | 47126 No. 2 Band.
P., Mary Folger. | 47173 Conway Band, Div. 5.
P., Loula Pulsifer. | 47220 Golden Rule Band.
P., Maria H. Willbor. |
| | | 47127 Meth. S. S.
No. 1 Band.
P., Harry Wall. | 47174 Burkville Band.
P., Edna Johnson. | 47221 Peacemakers Band.
P., E. C. Bradley. |

PICTURES FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

In Massachusetts the shooting of live pigeons from traps for sport is a thing of the past.

Many years ago, in spite of the opposition of some hundreds of our wealthy pigeon shooters and the three lawyers they employed to attend the legislative hearings, and a majority report of the Judiciary Committee of our Senate in their favor, we succeeded in passing a law which has forever banished this brutality from our soil.

But in New York and some other States it is still practised, and so we think proper, for the benefit of humane persons who have never seen one of these massacres, to give a few pictures taken from *The San Francisco Daily Examiner*:—

"The next shot was even more interesting. The bird rose heavily, as if half dazed; bang, said the gun, and the bird fell, but rose pluckily; flap, flap—one of its wings was broken. Bang went the gun again; again the bird fell. It rose and flapped painfully, about half flying, half running. Its feathers were stained with blood; the boys on the crate could scarcely contain themselves.

"If it should fly outside after all," they said, but it did not—it fell dead just as it reached the row of waving flags. 'Hurrah!' cried the boys. 'Good shot!' cried the men.

"Another bird came out. 'They are so heavy,' said a man who was looking on. 'They don't rise from the ground scarcely. They act like tame birds. There's no more fun shooting them than in killing a hen.'

"All the time the birds were being butchered I was growing more light-hearted. Women aren't so bad after all, I thought. There's scarcely a woman here.

"They're getting dressed," some one said. 'This is a very swell occasion, you know.'

"Just then a drag drove up. It was full of women. They were all talking and laughing gaily, and they were all beautifully dressed. They are women who would faint at the idea of knowing a prize fighter. Dainty women they were, delicate and gently reared, and they had come to see pretty, harmless pigeons die in cruel agony. They couldn't tell a rifle from a shotgun. They came just because it was the fashion.

"A pretty debutante was dressed in pure white. She was a dream of delight to the eye. Her hair was soft and fine and it shone in the sun like threads of gold. She carried a white lace parasol and her tiny hands were in white gloves. Her flower face smiled from under a lace hat like the sweet face of a nun from under her veil.

"A bird fluttered to the ground. The poor, wounded thing seemed to have a blind instinct which drew it toward the row of flags. It seemed to know that safety lay on the other side of the gay stripes of color. Its broken wings dragged upon the ground, but it struggled on with the courage of despair. It grew weaker and weaker, the dull yellow grass caught its heavy feet, and it almost went down, but it would not give up. It crawled slowly but surely to the line of flags. It was almost there, another effort, brave little bird! courage a moment longer! strength for just that space of a foot or two! the men dare not shoot again. The beautiful red dog was creeping upon it; snap! he caught the twitching creature in his mouth. 'Oh!' cried the pretty debutante, 'he caught it. Oh, I am so glad,' and she smiled like an angel.

"A man will marry that girl some day. Marry her because 'she's such a dear, tender, dependent little thing; no one could help loving her, you know.'

"A middle-aged woman with her children about her—two girls and a boy. The boy was a little fellow about five or six years old. He tugged his mother's dress: 'Mamma,' he said, 'don't that hurt the pigeon to have the dog carry it with its teeth?'

"The mother looked at him with a look of dull wonder. 'Why, I suppose it does,' she said, finally.

"I thought you said it was wicked to hurt things?" said the boy. 'You said?'

"S-sh! you little goose," said his mother. 'Keep still, or I'll send you back to the hotel.'

"Poo roo, poo roo." The soft crooning began again. A new load of pigeons had arrived. All the people rose from the table and went and watched them die.

"The gentle things looked so pretty and so helpless in their miserable cage that any one but a woman of fashion would have relented.

"They put all of those pigeons into the traps, one by one. There were fifteen hundred shot at during

the day. One time I saw a poor thing get away. It was mortally wounded, but it managed to get outside the dead line. It saw the other birds in the crate. It fluttered off painfully over to them. It tried to get into the box again. It beat the bars of the crate with its poor bruised wings. It raised its tender beak and picked at the wings of the birds inside. A woman sitting near me laughed heartily at the efforts of the dying bird. 'Don't he act queer?' she cried.

"Two school-girls sat near me. They were bright, happy-looking girls. One of them turned very pale when she saw the first bird in its death struggle. She shut her eyes and gasped, 'Isn't it cruel?' she said. 'Yes,' said her companion, 'it is cruel. I saw them shoot last year, and it made me sick. I won't look at them at all now.' In half an hour after that the school-girls were sitting on a front bench in full view of the shooting. They were having a lovely time. They had forgotten all about the birds. Some one they thought was awfully nice was shooting, and they were anxious for him to make a good record.

"I saw a lovely old man, with a face like Michel Angelo's Moses, explaining to his bright young daughter just why the pigeons 'jumped around so' when they were shot.

"I saw two boys chasing a wounded pigeon which had escaped and found a refuge under a big tree back of the awnings. They were throwing stones at it, and their mothers looked on and did not reprove.

"The ground was soft with gray feathers. The dirt around the box was soggy with blood and there was no more calling of *poo roo, poo roo*.

"The great event of the summer was practically over. I have seen the Country Club pigeon shoot. I never want to see it again."

There is a vast difference between this spectacle and the sight to be seen every day at our office windows, when about a hundred beautiful doves come to feed from our hand.

We well remember the crowded hearing before our Senate Judiciary Committee when we obtained the law prohibiting in Massachusetts the slaughter of live pigeons from traps for sport, and how one of the three lawyers employed by the pigeon shooters attempted to prove to the committee that there were two sides to the question. In reply we cheerfully acknowledged that there were two sides to the question; one represented by the Governor of our Commonwealth, before a great audience of nearly three thousand in our Boston Music Hall, presenting prizes to our school children for the best compositions on kindness to animals, and the other by the dog-fight, the cock-fight, and the pigeon-shoot.

We added, that though these gentlemen failed to realize the fact, yet they could only be classed in this form of amusement with men who, if they could get control of our Commonwealth, would make property and life as unsafe in Massachusetts as it was in Sodom.

MY HUNTRESS.

I know a huntress fair indeed

And womanly sweet is she;

Full many a trophy of the hunt

In her home you may daily see;

And many a story of the glory

Of the chase she has told to me.

How far away in the morning light

Where the forests drip with dew,

With shortened skirts and still-shod feet

She wanders the woodland through,

And swiftly creeps or quiet keeps

For her prey to come in view.

She has caught the deer in their lissom grace

As they drank from some rock-bound pool,

And the birds that come for their morning dip

In its waters sweet and cool.

Yes, many a raid has my huntress made

On the pupils in nature's school!

But never the forest has heard her gun,

Or its shadows seen its flame,

And never a bird or beast has known

They were prey of her deadly aim.

Yet those she sought were surely caught

When into her range they came.

A camera only my huntress takes,

And she joys in life so free;

There comes no thought of struggle or pain

When she shows her "game" to me.

And her eyes are bright with kindness light,

For womanly sweet is she.

ALICE LOUISE BROWN.

THE MEADOWBROOK HUNT ON LONG ISLAND.

"NEW YORK, Oct. 13, 1892.—With eager hounds and spirited horses, the Meadowbrook Club of fox hunters began on Wednesday afternoon the fourth of this month's series of hunts on the wind-swept fields between Hicksville and Syosset.

"It was 3.45 o'clock when the hunt began; it was not yet four when Charles L. Cottenet lay under the fence at Jackson's model farm, with the shoulder of his senseless horse lying across the right side of his face, and the blood gushing from between his lips. Fifty-five minutes later he was dead, without having regained consciousness."

We cannot, perhaps, better notice the death of this rich young man and of his valuable horse than by giving the second chapter of "Black Beauty." We will not say that "he died as a fool dieth," but we will say that Sheridan, Sherman, Grant, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and other great leaders in our Civil War learned their horsemanship in ways more honorable and less cruel:—

CHAPTER II.

BLACK BEAUTY.

Before I was two years old a circumstance happened which I have never forgotten. It was early in the spring; there had been a little frost in the night, and a light mist still hung over the woods and meadows. I and the other colts were feeding at the lower part of the field when we heard, quite in the distance, what sounded like the cry of dogs. The oldest of the colts raised his head, pricked his ears, and said, "There are the hounds!" and immediately cantered off, followed by the rest of us, to the upper part of the field, where we could look over the hedge and see several fields beyond. My mother and an old riding horse of our master's were also standing near, and seemed to know all about it.

"They have found a hare," said my mother, "and if they come this way we shall see the hunt."

And soon the dogs were all tearing down the field of young wheat next to ours. I never heard such a noise as they made. They did not bark, nor howl, nor whine, but kept on a "yo! yo, o, o! yo, o, o!" at the top of their voices. After them came a number of men on horseback, some of them in green coats, all galloping as fast as they could. The old horse snorted and looked eagerly after them, and we young colts wanted to be galloping with them, but they were soon away into the fields lower down; here it seemed as if they had come to a stand; the dogs left off barking, and ran about every way with their noses to the ground.

"They have lost the scent," said the old horse; "perhaps the hare will get off."

"What hare?" I said.

"Oh! I don't know what hare; likely enough it may be one of our own hares out of the woods; any hare they can find will do for the dogs and men to run after;" and before long the dogs began their "yo! yo, o, o!" again, and back they came all together at full speed, making straight for our meadow at the part where the high bank and hedge overhang the brook.

"Now we shall see the hare," said my mother; and just then a hare wild with fright rushed by, and made for the woods. On came the dogs; they burst over the bank, leapt the stream, and came dashing across the field, followed by the huntsmen. Six or eight men leaped their horses clean over, close upon the dogs. The hare tried to get through the fence; it was too thick, and she turned sharp round to make for the road, but it was too late; the dogs were upon her with their wild cries; we heard one shriek, and that was the end of her. One of the huntsmen rode up and whipped off the dogs, who would soon have torn her to pieces. He held her up by the leg torn and bleeding, and all the gentlemen seemed well pleased.

As for me, I was so astonished that I did not at first see what was going on by the brook; but when I did look, there was a sad sight; two fine horses were down; one was struggling in the stream, and the other was groaning on the grass. One of the riders was getting out of the water covered with mud, the other lay quite still.

"His neck is broke," said my mother.

"And serve him right, too," said one of the colts.

I thought the same, but my mother did not join with us.

"Well, no," she said, "you must not say that; but though I am an old horse, and have seen and heard a

great deal, I never yet could make out why men are so fond of this sport; they often hurt themselves, often spoil good horses, and tear up the fields, and all for a hare, or a fox, or a stag, that they could get more easily some other way; but we are only horses, and don't know."

Whilst my mother was saying this, we stood and looked on. Many of the riders had gone to the young man; but my master, who had been watching what was going on, was the first to raise him. His head fell back and his arms hung down, and every one looked very serious. There was no noise now; even the dogs were quiet, and seemed to know that something was wrong. They carried him to our master's house. I heard afterwards that it was young George Gordon, the Squire's only son, a fine, tall young man, and the pride of his family.

There was now riding off in all directions to the doctor's, to the farrier's, and no doubt to Squire Gordon's, to let him know about his son. When Mr. Bond, the farrier, came to look at the black horse that lay groaning on the grass, he felt him all over and shook his head; one of his legs was broken. Then some one ran to our master's house and came back with a gun; presently there was a loud bang and a dreadful shriek, and then all was still; the black horse moved no more.

My mother seemed much troubled; she said she had known that horse for years, and that his name was "Rob Roy;" he was a good horse, and there was no vice in him. She never would go to that part of the field afterwards.

Not many days after, we heard the church-bell tolling for a long time; and looking over the gate we saw a long, strange black coach that was covered with black cloth and was drawn by black horses; after that came another and another and another, and all were black, while the bell kept tolling, tolling. They were carrying young Gordon to the churchyard to bury him. He would never ride again. What they did with Rob Roy I never knew; but 'twas all for one little hare.

THE HORRORS OF SPORT.

WHAT F. D. SAYS ABOUT FOX HUNTING.

What sadder sight is there to be found in the records of the hunted than the one of a dead-beat fox, worn out, with lolling tongue, heaving side, bedraggled brush, with the bay of the nearing pack growing every moment more distinct, struggling on in search of safety for his doomed life, dodging now here, now there, surrounded by a hostile field, the fiendish tally-ho sounding in his ears, the cracking of whips which warn him against any further attempt at escape? Then the hounds rush in. For one brief moment he turns at bay. *Cui bono?* The next all is worry, worry, worry, as the poor, weary but gallant Tod is torn limb from limb, disembowelled, and reduced to a shapeless mass of bloody, dragged fur.

A fitting death it is, indeed, following as a sequel on the hunted torture which the poor brute has suffered from find to finish. I have ridden to hounds over many a hard-fought field, yet even in the day when I did not scruple to join in this animal torture, the death of a gallant fox always affected me unpleasantly, and reproach knocked at my heart louder and louder each time, and I have asked myself, "Cannot we have a sport without cruelty?" Assuredly we can.

Much of this barbarous taste and callous indifference to the sufferings of animals is bred with our childhood and upbringing. None but those who have indulged largely in sport in its many and varied branches can realize the holocaust of animal suffering that is day by day offered upon the altar of sport. I have seen and gauged it to its fullest, and I can safely say that, save in self-defence, I will never in life again raise gun or rifle to destroy the glorious animal life of creation, which, alas! I have so often and so wantonly taken part in bringing to destruction. Savagery still dominates us in a great degree. A higher education and civilization will teach us to despise amusements which are purchased at the expense of suffering to animals.

Let those in high places consider well how meet a good example in this respect would be, and lead youth forward to find relaxation and pleasure in feats of skill, endurance, and physical adroitness without the aid of the blood and torture to make of us skilled sons and daughters of the chase and the field. In our national schools, both high and low, kindness and our



BOSTON'S PUBLIC GARDEN.

duty to animals should form part of the curriculum, while every effort that science and investigation can command should be put forth to attain for such animals as are needed for food a speedy, painless, and merciful end. As we have framed laws for the protection of domesticated and tame animals, so we should teach mercy and—where destruction is necessary—a painless mode of death.—F. DIXIE, in the *Westminster Review*.

OUR MASSACHUSETTS LAW.

[FIRST OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.]

Relating to Vivisection in the Public Schools.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

SECTION 1. No teacher or other person employed in any public school of this Commonwealth shall, in the presence of any scholar, in said school, or any child or minor there present, practice vivisection, nor, in such presence, exhibit any animal upon which vivisection has been practised.

SECT. 2. Dissection of dead animals, or any portions thereof, in the public schools of this Commonwealth, in no instance shall be for the purpose of exhibition, but, in every case, shall be confined to the class-room and the presence of those pupils engaged in that study to be illustrated by such dissection.

SECT. 3. Any person violating the provisions of this act shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars.

SECT. 4. This act shall take effect upon its passage. [Approved March 22, 1894.]

Samuel L. Eaton, M.D., Member American Institute of Homoeopathy, Member International Hahnemannian Association, Member Mass. State Homoeopathic Medical Society, Member Mass. Surgical and Gynecological Society, Newton Highlands, Mass.:—"I am strongly opposed to the practice of vivisection. Especially can nothing be said in its extenuation when practised in high schools, academies, or in colleges of liberal arts. It is absolutely indefensible."

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle. Dogs were intended for no such purpose.

Do not let your cats or dogs disturb the sleep of your sick or well neighbors nights.

THE CHORISTERS.

There's a little band of singers
Every evening comes and lingers
Neath the windows of my cottage, in the trees;
And with dark they raise their voices,
While the gathering night rejoices,
And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze.
Then the twinkling stars come out
To enjoy the merry rout,
And the squirrels range themselves upon a log;
And the fireflies furnish light,
That they read their notes aright—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

All the night I hear them singing;
Through my head their tunes are ringing—
Strains of music straight from Mother Nature's heart;
Now the katydid and cricket,
From the deep of yonder thicket;
Then the croaking frog off yonder drones his part.
By and by the moon appears,
As the midnight hour nears,
And smiles dispel the lowering mist and fog;
Then the mirth is at its height,
And they glorify the night—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

Philadelphia North American.

BLOWING HIS OWN HORN.

The other day a gentleman called and wanted us to pay a hundred dollars to have a full steel plate picture of ourself put in a book about to be published. We told the gentleman that we must decline, as hundreds of dollars were not so plenty with us that we could afford them for such purposes; and then we inquired in return whether the "editor of the book" in question would pay \$100 to have his own face handed down to posterity. "Oh, no," replied the gentleman, "that would be blowing his own horn."

The thought came to us that any man who expects nowadays to make much headway in anything without telling the world in some way what he is doing is quite likely to prove a failure.

All the great newspapers, all the great authors, all the great merchants have to blow their own horns.

Our advice to every young man is: Try to do the best work ever done, and when you have done it, let the whole world know it, and don't hold back because lots of little people who have no horns to blow say, "He is blowing his own horn."

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

In winter feed the birds.

Receipts of the M. S. P. C. A. for Sept., 1901.
Fines and witness fees, \$43.10.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Fair at Marblehead, Mass., by Amy Peabody and Reginald C. Foster, \$19; Chas. P. Curtis, \$10; Geo. M. Atwater, \$10; Miss Virginia Butler, \$10; Mrs. J. W. Richards, \$4.

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Total, \$218.

The American Humane Education Society, \$263.

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All others, \$6.85.

Total, \$328.61.

Sales of publications, \$55.46.

Total, \$908.17.

Receipts by the American Humane Education Society for September.

A N. Y. friend, \$50; Mrs. J. A. Woodward, \$15; Mrs. W. H. Bradley, \$10.
Publications, \$26.40.

"But, ma, Uncle John eats with his knife."
"Hush, dear, Uncle John is rich enough to eat with a fire shovel if he prefers it."

FROM EDITOR OF "HOME JOURNAL," MURFREESBORO, TENN.

We are pleased to receive on Sept. 23rd a kind letter from the above-named gentleman, in which he tells how a pigeon with a broken leg was found in his poultry yard one morning and was treated so kindly that it came soon after with another pigeon which had a broken wing, and the two soon after brought a family of about half a dozen more, and all became so tame that they would feed from the hands and fly to the heads and shoulders of members of his family. The article also commends the efforts we are making for the protection of the human race, as well as the dumb creation, and closes by expressing the hope that God will spare our life many years.

FORM OF WILL.

I do hereby give, devise, and bequeath to "The American Humane Education Society," incorporated by special act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of — [or if other property, describe the property.]

To give to "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," use the same words, only substituting its name in place of "The American Humane Education Society."

If there are inheritance or legacy taxes at the time of executing your will, please kindly say [if you so wish] that they are to be paid from the estate.

SEVERAL OF OUR FRIENDS.

Several of our friends have given to our societies various sums on condition that we pay them the income annually or semi-annually during their lives, thus saving all disputes about their wills and the trouble of making safe investments.

A German proverb tells us that every great war leaves a country with three armies—one of invalids, one of mourners, one of idle persons ready to commit crime.

Why is a mosquito like a lawyer? He pleads at the bar.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

What is its circulation?

Answer—Regularly between 50,000 and 60,000; sometimes from 100,000 to 200,000.

IT GOES EACH MONTH TO

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our Bands of Mercy in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of over twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these over twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

"The best literary value that money can procure for a family is a year's subscription to Our Dumb Animals."—Life, Salem, Oregon.

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The following publications of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following prices, free of postage:—

Black Beauty, in English or Italian, cloth 30 cts., paper 10 cts.
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For Pity's Sake, . . . cloth, large, 70 cts., paper 10 cts.
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Condensed Information, an eight-page pamphlet, by Geo. T. Angell, including all necessary for forming Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Bands of Mercy. This, as well as the address of Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tenn., we send without cost to everyone asking.

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